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From the Bangor Mechanic and Farmer.
To prevent Smut in Wheat another Year.
"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Mr. SAWYARD.—Much has been written and many experiments tried to prevent the smutting of wheat, and still we are all ignorant of any infallible preventative, unless Mr. Bicknell has made the valuable discovery. Having followed his directions since he published them, I have uniformly raised wheat perfectly free from smut, till this year, when I thought I would change seed, and although my crop is large, I find in it a very little smut. I wish others would literally follow his directions and publish their success in your valuable paper, for the benefit of society.

E. GOODALE.

The original cause of smut in Wheat, is easily discerned and explained. It is found in the effect of heat generated in the grain at the time and immediately following its being harvested. As a demonstration of this, let two bundles of wheat be gathered, the seed of which shall have been perfectly pure; bind one up, either not fully ripe or with any green substance that may be intermixed with it, and immediately stow it in a place as much confined from air as possible, and where it must necessarily become heated, so as to smoke when disturbed, and let it remain thus several weeks before threshing; gather the other in the same manner, let it be thoroughly dried, after which, place it under cover, and thresh it immediately. In pursuing the above process you will find in the former instance, the wheat produced will almost infallibly prove to be smutty, while in the latter case it will be totally free from smut.

The above simply exhibits the cause and the preventative, which I have proposed to discover. But it may be important also to show a remedy for injured wheat, that has already become partially smutty, and which from necessity is to be used for seed. Various prescriptions have been followed to effect this by different agriculturalists, some of which have sometimes proved effectual, and at other times not so. The method which I should prescribe, similar to what is generally used, is as follows: First—Wash your wheat in clear water, thoroughly and repeatedly, until the last water that you apply shall come from it as pure as when first poured upon it. In many places, where the soil is light and warm, seed washed as above will be sufficiently prepared, but to have it more sure in all places, a further process is necessary. Therefore, after washing as above, take three quarts of good lime, or six quarts of ashes and make a strong ley, in which put the wheat, frequently stirring it till it sprouts, or until you can rub off the outer hull between the thumb and finger, and immediately sow it. The process will be effectual, and no danger will accrue from it.

Many farmers complain that they have found by experience, washing seed, both with and without liming, to prove inefficient. I am confident they must attribute their ill success to their not thoroughly performing the operation. A partial washing is worse than none. By this the smutty kernel becomes dissolved in the water, and the particles thereof gather again on the hollow part of the kernel, the place of germination, and there adhere, unless by repeated washings they are displaced. The product of such seed must necessarily become smutty.

JOHN BICKNELL.

Buckfield, (Me.) July 1, 1819.

AN. B. To render seed wheat perfectly pure and sound, it is important that it should be thoroughly dried, and threshed early and put up in small bundles when gathered. Much bad grain arises from its too long continuance on the sheaves.

INDIAN CORN.—Improved by selection.

The following copy of a letter from Mr. Baden of Maryland, shows the great advantages of making a judicious selection of seed corn, and we lay it before our readers hoping they will profit by his example.—Yankee Farmer.

Near Nottingham, Prince George's Co., Jan. 26, 1837.
Sir.—I received your's of the 14th, making inquiry respecting the "Maryland Corn," which you understood I had raised. I have the pleasure to say that I have brought this corn to its high state of perfection, by carefully selecting the best seed in the field for a long course of years, having especial reference to those stalks which produced the most ears. When the corn was husked, I then made a re-selection, taking only that which appeared sound and fully ripe, having a regard to the deepest and best color, as well as to the size of the cob. In the spring before shelling the corn, I examined it again.

In shelling the corn, I omitted to take the irregular kernels at both the large and small ends. I have carefully followed this mode of selecting seed corn for twenty two or twenty three years, and still continue to do so. When a vast flower garden, and made a very fine ap-

I first commenced, it was with a common kind of corn, for there was none other in this part of the country. If any other person undertook the same experiment, I did not hear of it; I do not believe others ever exercised the patience to bring the experiment to the present state of perfection. At first, I was troubled to find stalks with even two good ears on them, perhaps one good ear and a small one, or one good ear and a "nubbin." It was several years before I could discover much benefit resulting from my efforts; however, at length the quality and quantity began to improve, and the improvement was then very rapid. At present, I do not pretend to lay up any seed without it comes from stalks which bear four, five, or six ears. One of my neighbors informed me that he had a single stalk with ten perfect ears on it, and that he intended to send the same to the museum at Baltimore. In addition to the number of ears, and of course the great increase in quantity unshelled, it may be mentioned, that it yielded much more than common corn when shelled. Some gentlemen, in whom I have full confidence, informed me they shelled a barrel (10 bushels of ears) of my kind of corn, which measured a little more than six bushels. The common kind of corn will measure about five bushels only. I believe I raise double or nearly so, to what I could with any other corn I have ever seen. I generally plant the corn about the first of May, and place the hills 5 feet apart each way, and have two stalks in a hill. I can supply you with any seed you may need, and I suppose I have now in my corn-house 50, or perhaps more, stalks with the corn on them as it grew in the field, and none with less than four, and some six or seven ears on them. I will with pleasure send you some of these stalks and also some seed corn, if I can get an opportunity.

Early last spring, I let George Law, Esq. of Baltimore city, have some of this seed corn; he sent it to his friend in Illinois; with instructions how to use it. A few weeks since he informed me that the increase was one hundred and twenty bushels on an acre; that there was no corn in Illinois like it, and that it produced more fodder than any other kind. I have supplied many friends with seed corn, but some of them have planted it with other corn, and will, I fear, find it degenerate.

I have lately been inquired of, if this corn was not later than other kinds? It is rather earlier; certainly not later. Corn planted in moist or wet soils will not ripen so quick as that which is planted on a dry soil. In the former, there will be found more dampness in the cob, although the kernel may appear equally ripe in both. In the two last years, the wet seasons have injured much corn that was too early "lofted" or housed.

I believe I have answered most of your inquiries. I hope I have not exaggerated—I have no motive for so doing. I raise but little corn to sell, as tobacco is my principal crop. Should I like to send you some seed this spring, I will next summer, gather some stalks with the corn, fodder and tassels, and all, as they grow, and send to you, that you may judge yourself of the superiority of this over the common kind of corn.

Yours, &c.

THOS. N. BADEN.
Hon. H. L. ELLSWORTH,
Commissioner of Patents, Washington.

ROTATION OF SEASONS.

There is a theory abroad, brought forward by some of our old men, that there is a gradual change or rotation of seasons, in regard to crops. Some say that wheat has a rotation of eight years; and a writer in the Hampshire Gazette, last spring, affirms that every other leap year has been a good one for wheat, and every other one a bad year, and that this has taken place very exactly for 60 years. He stated that 1836 was a bad year for wheat, (which by the way, was not the case in Maine,) and that 1837 and 1838 would be bad also, 1837, however, tells a different story from that and hope 1838 will too. Corn, he states, has a rotation of six years, or thereabouts. There does seem to be some reason for the theory of rotation of the seasons, but as yet, facts are scarce that will tend to give it much definite and substantial form. It is well, however, to observe and to keep records of these things, and also to search the journals and diaries of old people, in regard to it. Will some one who has Parson Smith's diary, (the old chronicler of Falmouth,) examine it, and see if he states any thing in regard to crops? and perhaps the journal kept by Dr. Holyoke of Salem, may throw light upon the question. It is worth inquiring into.—Maine Farmer.

POTATO CROP.

From present appearances, we should judge that the potato crop will be a large one this year. The tops have grown very remarkably, and the season thus far, has been very favorable for the root or tuber.

We have remarked one thing in regard to this crop, the present season, that we have not seen for many years; that is, the uncommonly great number of blossoms that they have put out. When in full bloom many fields resembled a vast flower garden, and made a very fine ap-

pearance. "Don't you think the parais make a grand show with their cockades on?" said a Paddy to us one day.—I've no fear of the childrens starving when I see that.—Maine Farmer.

From the Bangor Mechanic and Farmer.

OUR CHILDREN.

MR. SAWYARD: To instruct the community on the government of children requires more wisdom and judgment than I possess; yet I may throw out some hints which may be useful as I have had some experience, and have seen something of the world, while others younger have as yet never resided out of the immediate neighborhood of their places of nativity. To such permit me to say, that if you are not on your guard, your attachment to your children will lead you astray, and to indulge them till you greatly impair that influence and good government which every parent should exercise over their offspring. We must expect imperfections in all children for they need constant watching, admonition and "line upon line, and precept upon precept," and you require no small share of christian patience to enable you at times to possess an equanimity of temper.

I have frequently noticed great errors, committed by young parents, more especially in their unadvised management; and I would advise them never on the one hand to say to their children for bad behavior, "they are the worst children in the world: that they will come to the gallows, that they are guilty of every thing that is evil," or similar harsh expressions, for you will discourage them entirely, and they will have no fortitude to make a good effort. If you convince them they have sinned past forgiveness, and thereby destroy their ambition to do good, you will be likely to be the cause of their ruin.—Instead of this, mildly, but firmly represent their conduct in its true light; but be careful to say to them there is forgiveness if they repent; and that they are capable of being good, and that they will be rewarded according to their works! On the contrary do not fall into the extreme, and say to them they are the best, prettiest, handsomest, and cunningest children that ever lived." Never entertain your friends, or strangers, who call to see you (and not your children), the whole time they are at your house, with the great exploits, the wise sayings, the cunning actions, and the wonderful feats they have performed, and that too before the children themselves, for you are truly nursing their pride which you should restrain, and curing your friends, who will most assuredly be disgusted both with you and your children, for they cannot feel that lively sensibility in your children that you do, and you must not expect it—if you do, you will be disappointed. In connection with this subject, I will relate an anecdote.

A gentleman called on a friend who began on his first entrance into his house, to entertain him by telling him of the great beauty, and capacity of his children and the many surprising things they had said and done, and the parents wanted their guest to attest to the truth of all they had said.

The gentleman by this time was wearied by such weakness and folly, replied: "I will tell you a story. You are aware that a young owl is one of the worst looking birds in existence. An eagle had the license to destroy all the young birds within a certain distance: and this being the fact, the mother of a brood of young owls said to the eagle that she wished he would spare her young ones, and you will know which mine are, for they are the prettiest little birds you ever saw in all your life!"

From the Saturday Courier.

THE WAY IS OPEN TO ALL.

Miss Martineau, in her recent work on this country, says that the only unhappy young gentleman in our Northern States, are those who are born to a fortune. Well, there is "more truth than poetry" in this. Let those who have no other fortune than their hands, think of it.—There is a free road open to them. Almost every great name that has adorned the world, has been won by personal effort—unaided by the fortuitous power of wealth, or the mushroom force of birth. Young men of our country go up this road. Go up it, by your own exertions, for you will never ascend by any other. Rely upon nothing else, for all else may fail you.

To our contemplation, there is no spectacle more worthy of admiration than a virtuous young man, advancing himself in the esteem of the good and worthy, by his own exertion.—His industry is unceasing—his deportment modest and unassuming. His principles are fixed—his integrity unflinching. He practices the cardinal virtues for the love of them—and others love him for their practice. He should meet kindness on every hand. Many kind are interested in his success, for he may become the depository of the power which our fathers exercise. He may sit in the high places—giving laws to the country, and wisdom to the age.

We would not destroy the hey-day of youth. There is a natural buoyance to youth, that should be indulged. But it should be cherished only in useful, innocent, refined amusements. Amid the intelligent society of virtuous females, young men should seek relaxation from the cares of

the counting house, and the toils of the work shop. Here will their affections be purified, their manners refined. If the matron of the mansion approve it, let the young join the merry dance to win invigorating relief to their physical powers.

Young men, shun as you would the plague, those who deride the society of virtuous females. There is a moral pestilence in the very atmosphere they breathe. If they loved virtue, they would love virtuous society. It is a sure proof that they know themselves too well to enter where virtue and refinement alone diffuse their refugent light.—Seek society above yourself, but enter not that which is beneath you, either in intelligence, refinement, or virtue.

More young men are ruined in our cities, by bad associations, than from all other causes combined. When the novice enters a cotrie, he soon catches the prevailing spirit. If drinking and carousing prevail, he drinks and carouses. He will be laughed at because he cannot swallow as much wine as his fellows, and if they partake of "the strong drink that maketh thee mad," he shows his strength of head in swallowing the same potions. If others gamble, he gambles. As they descend to the lowest vices, in a spirit of bravado, he sinks down with them—even to the very depth of pollution—until he hangs upon society, a pest and a nuisance, instead of a honor and an ornament, as he might have been, had he not met ruin in the bewildering, contaminating, blighting influences of pernicious associations.

When we behold a young man capable of resisting all such temptations, we watch his steps in profound admiration. We look upon him as a bright promise to human liberty. Morality shall hail him her champion. He shall sit in the high places of the Republic—and his name shall endure.

When noncommittal noddies,
Hush crumbled with its scold.

From the Merchant's Daughter.

TEARS.

It is sad to see a child weep, thus proving that it has already begun its mortal race, that the curse of sin is on it, sorrow and trouble, weariness and woe. But then those sobs are quickly hushed, and the bright eyes look through their long lashes, and the pouting lips uncurl with a brilliant smile; the whole face is lighted up again into beauty, the beauty of an April day when the sun shines forth from behind a cloud, and we love it more from its transient shadowing, and think it never shone so radiantly before. The child forgets its grief, laughs childhood's own light, witching laugh as though it had never known a sorrow and goes on its course, happy in its blindness to the future. We cannot deeply mourn, for what we see is so soon forgotten; we look on a child's tears with real but transient sadness. It is more sad to look on the tears of the young and genuine girl, just bursting into womanhood. The spell of youthful hope is no longer perfect, experience bounds its power. She has scarcely crossed the threshold into life, and yet we feel that reality has come upon her in its bitterness. She struggles with her destiny, and we know too well that it is what her life must henceforth be, a struggle and a warfare; but her young heart shrinks from the truth, and she still clings to hope that woe her to fresh sorrow. The tears of the matrons are sadder still to look upon: for we feel that they flow from a deeper, sterner cause. She weeps no longer for a feeling or a thought; she has learned there is no luxury in grief, for she has felt its agony; she shrinks from sorrow, for she knows its reality.—If her tears flow, it is because she cannot keep them back. Yet to women those tears are a relief; she feels them to be such, and those who see them feel them so too, and the sadness of their sympathy is lightened. But it is not so when we look on the tears which fall from man; not the tears of boyhood or of dotage, but those wrung from the heart of bold and hardy manhood; such as are wrung forth only by the very intensity of agony. It is against his habits and his pride, it is thought a shame to his manhood that tears should fall; and when they do fall their falling is not only a proof but an aggravation of his suffering.

A DISPUTE BETWEEN MEN OF HONOR.

The "Pickwick papers" furnish the following amusing description of a dispute between two young gentlemen of honor which seems to have been conducted with much spirit on both sides, and was probably taken from life:—

"The belligerents vented their feelings of mutual contempt for some time, in a variety of growlings and snortings, until at last the scorbutic youth felt it necessary to come to a more explicit understanding of the matter, when the following clear understanding took place.

"Sawyer," said the scorbutic youth, in a loud voice.

"Well, Noddy," replied Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"I should be very sorry, Sawyer," said Mr. Noddy, "to create any unpleasantness at my friends, table, and much less at yours, Sawyer—very; but I must take this opportunity of informing Mr. Gunter that he is no gentleman."

"And I should be very sorry, Sawyer, to create any disturbance in the street in which you neighbors."

reside," said Mr. Gunter, "but I'm afraid I shall be under the necessity of alarming the neighbors by throwing the person who has just spoken out of the window."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" inquired Mr. Noddy.

"What I say," replied Mr. Gunter.

"I should like to see you do it, sir," said Mr. Noddy.

"You will feel me do it in a half a minute, sir," said Mr. Gunter.

"I repeat that you'll favor me with your card, sir," said Mr. Noddy.

"I'll do nothing of the kind, sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"Why not, sir?" inquired Mr. Noddy.

"Because you'll stick it up over your chimney piece, and delude your visitors into the false belief, that a gentleman has been to see you, sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"Sir, I'm very much obliged to you for the caution, and I'll leave particular directions to the servant to lock up the spoons," replied Mr. Gunter.

At this point the remainder of the guests interposed, and remonstrated with both parties on the impropriety of their conduct, on which Mr. Noddy begged to state that his father was quite as respectable as Mr. Gunter's father, and that his father's son was as good a man as Mr. Noddy, any day in the week. As this announcement seemed the prelude to a recommencement of the dispute, there was another interference on the part of the company; and a vast quantity of talking and clamoring ensued, in the course of which Mr. Noddy gradually allowed his feeling to overpower him, and professed that he had ever entertained a devoted personal attachment towards Mr. Gunter. To this Mr. Gunter replied that, upon the whole, he rather preferred Mr. Noddy to his own brother; on hearing which admission Mr. Noddy magnanimously rose from his seat, and proffered his hand to Mr. Gunter. Mr. Gunter grasped it with affecting fervor; and every body said that the dispute had been conducted in a manner which was highly-honorable to both parties concerned.

SAK SLICK'S OPINION OF THE AMERICANS. I believe we may stump the universe; we improve on every thing, and we have improved on our species. You'll search one while, I tell you, afore you'll find a man that, take him by and large, equal to one of free and enlightened citizens. He's the chap that has both speed, wind and bottom; he's clear grit—ginger to the back bone, you may depend. It is generally allowed there aint the beat of them to be found any where. Spry as a fox, supple as an eel and cote as a weasel. Though I say it as shouldn't say it, they fairly take the shine off creation—they are actily equal to cash.—[The Clockmaker.

EARLY RISING. A certain journalist is bold enough to impugn the doctrine of early rising in these terms: "We are no worshippers of the sun or self, and willingly confess that we don't belong to the rising generation: there is no doubt, to be sure, but sleep, the great restorative, like other restoratives, may be taken to excess. Some constitutions require more, some less, but every individuals should find out his own measure; and, if your advocates for 'early rising' would make that the foundation of their arguments, and, moreover, use early rising, as a relative term to be dated from the hour of sleep, their labors would be more rational and more beneficial. As it is, all theories upon the subject are whimsical."

The amount of Coffee imported into the United States in 1825, was \$8,150,928; in 1836, \$9,653,053!

HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—To go into a printing office, look over the compositor's shoulder and read his copy.—[Lewisston Tel.

DITTO.—To go into an editor's room, rummage among his newspapers, and look over his shoulders to read his manuscript. United S. Gazette.

He that preaches gratitude pleads the cause both of God and man; for without it we can neither be sociable nor religious.

The best way to deal with most slanders is not to notice them. nine times out of ten they will die quicker than you can kill them!

Intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar.—[Coleridge.

THE NEWSPAPER.—A Newspaper taken in family seems to shed a gleam of intelligence around. It gives the children a taste for reading—it communicates all the important events, which are passing in the busy world: it is a never failing source of amusement, and furnishes a fund of instruction which will never be exhausted. Every family, however poor, if they wish to hold a place in the rank of intelligent beings, should take at least one newspaper. And the man, who possessed of property sufficient to make himself easy for life, is instigated by the vile spirit of cupidity and neglects to subscribe to a newspaper, is deficient in the duties of a parent or a good citizen, and is deserving of the censure of his intelligent neighbors.

changes. It is indeed authorized to regulate by law the relations between the States, and to provide a general stimulus, value, or medium of exchange, in gold and silver; but it is its province to aid individuals in the transfer of their funds otherwise than through the facilities afforded by the Post Office Department. As justice might be called on to provide for transportation of their merchandise. These are operations

The use by the banks, for their own benefit, of the money deposited with them, has received the sanction of the Government

be in the hands of "one man" of the present time
number of officers—a supposition deemed more likely
likely to correspond with the fact—the sum in jea

be hoped that a prudent fear of public
dislike and disapprobation, in a matter so

